THE VISITOR.

A SOBER GUEST, WHOSE PHILANTHROPIC VIEWS
ARE TO INSTRUCT, OR HARMLESSLY AMUSE.

No. 22.] *RICHMOND; SATURDAY, DECEMBER 2, 1809.* [VOL. I.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE VISITOR.

GENTLEMEN,

I have frequently of late reſorted to the Theatre, and find it like many other pleaſures, the more indulged in, the more difficult it is to be reſtrained from. In the early part of my life, I had been taught to believe that plays were very injurious, to young perſons particularly; but ſome how or other they have become ſo faſcinating to me, that I have been drawn on one after another, till at length I feel no qualms of conſcience on this account; and really I have not found myſelf any way corrupted by them; but yet I have got into a dilemma, and how to get out of it has baffled all my ingenuity. I will tell you my caſe. I make one of a ſelect party, who apply to the Managers of the Theatre, and obtain a ſeperate apartment, to avoid the intruſions of the promiſcous crowd, which you know would be very ſhocking. To us there appears many advantages ariſing from this arrangement; we are not obliged to violate the rules of gentility, by going an hour before the performance commences; however it is uſeleſs to mention the many circumſtances that could be enumerated, I will conclude them with one remark; the principal enjoyment we feel is, that the reſpectability of our company will command admiration. I fear you will tire with my long ſtory, but preſuming on your indulgence, I will proceed. At the benefits particularly, I have been in the moſt diſtreſſed ſituations imaginable; the houſe was one night unuſually crowded; our party did not all arrive at the ſame time, but I being among the firſt, was poſted centinal, by one of the ladies, with ſtrict injunctions to ſuffer none but our party to enter. I obeyed orders as well as I could, but judge of my feelings when I relate the variety of incidents which occurred. Many perſons applied for admiſſion, ſeeing much vacancy in our apartment, but being refuſed they turned away, and I confeſs, I ſymathized in their diſappointment. Next came a party who demanded admittance in an imperious manner, aſſerting that they had as much right to a public Theatre as any body. I perſiſted as mildly as I could to diſcharge the duty allotted to me, when one of them more boldly than the reſt ſwore furiouſly he would have admittance. At this very critical time, (critical to me at leaſt, for I really expected a riot and perhaps a bloody noſe) there came another party, with whom I had the good fortune to be acquainted, and were advancing without ceremony to our box, but to my great diſtreſs, for among them was my favorite fair one, I was obliged to arreſt their career, and they in pity, ſeeing my ſituation, not only retired, but by their example, ridded me of the doughty champion who was about to beſiege me. At length the arrival of the remainder of our company, was the moſt comfortable balm to my afflicted ſpirits that I ever before experienced. I was now at the achme of happineſs, for pleaſure is ever heightened by experienced pain. The approving ſmiles of the ladies was my reward for having during ſuch a ſevere trial, ſerved them ſo faithfully.

At the interval between the play and farce, I went about as uſual to pay my reſpects to the reſt of my female friends, who were interſperſed in various parts of the houſe. From ſome I received the accuſtomed ſalutation, which was followed by an unreſerved converſation on all the variety of incidents furniſhed by the faſhionable world. My catalogue being exhauſted, I took my leave and went to another lady; ſhe was one very dear to me, and whoſe favor I always ſought in the moſt obſequious manner. As I advanced I made my beſt bow, which was returned by a formal courteſy, and cold look, which ſo paralized my tongue, that for the firſt three minutes, I was unable to utter a ſentence; however, after a great ſtruggle, I made out to give my opinion on the ſtate of the weather, (a dreadful alternative, to be ſure) to which ſhe ſimply replied, yes, or no, I forget which, but it is immaterial. This topic being at an end, I put my wits to work, for ſomething elſe to ſay, and at laſt introduced what I thought might be more intereſting, viz: the merits of the play; but I could get nothing from her but yes, or no. I propoſed many other queſtions which all ſhared the ſame fate. At length getting very uneaſy, for who could bear with ſuch a misfortune? I made the beſt of my way off, with much chagrin. I thought of the cold reception I had met with from one too, whoſe familiar converſation had always before been the delight of my heart, and oh! I was overwhelmed with the ſad reflection, when ſuddenly I remembered, this lady was one of a party which by me, had been refuſed admittance into our box. This readily accounted for her indifferent deportment towards me. Alas! alas! what ſhould I have done? My mind was ſo diſturbed that I went to ſome of my male friends to ſeek for relief. In the firſt attempt I was quite confounded: After relating my tale of woe, I was told my conduct had met its deſerved reproach, for I had no buſineſs to join a ſet of monopoliſts, who ought to be diſcountenanced. I went to another, and another, and another; but to no effect, for I could find none diſpoſed to alleviate my ſufferings. I never before was ſo much at a loſs for arguments to juſtify myſelf againſt the ſarcaſms levelled at me. Thus on the whole, I have gained many more enemies than friends, and the truth is, I would like my party better, if they would conſent to abandon this practice, for I am reſolved to do ſo if I can; but the evil has come upon me; and through philanthropic motives I am induced to requeſt you will ſuffer, your Viſitor to be the medium of communication to all my young friends, that they may profit by my experience. The hope that I may render a ſervice by thus cautioning them againſt the ſame allurement is the ſolace of

Your friend,

WILL. HONEYCOMB.

FOR THE VISITOR.

TO HIS EXCELLENCY,

GOVERNOR GRAMMAR,

The humble petition of your faithful Servant TEACH.

SHEWETH that your Excellency's Petitioner hath been greviouſly maltreated and abuſed by one *Learn*, a fellow whoſe very exiſtence, your Petitioner was the cauſe, and who hath entirely depended upon your Petitioner for that rank he holds under your excellency's juſt and upright government; alſo and moreover, that the ſaid *Learn*, not contented with uſurping the rights and property of your Petitioner, *Teach* hath conſpired with divers others to take away the life of your Petitioner, who, tho' he hath long ſuffered the inſults and abuſe of the ſaid *Learn*, is at length ſtimulated by ſo atrocious an attempt only, to ſupplicate the protection of your Excellency, from the malicious deſign of his daring enemy.

Your Petitioner would willingly have ſubmitted his claims to the determination of able arbitration, but this juſt requeſt the ſaid *Learn* would not ſubmit to, knowing that it would go againſt him, as was the opinion of many of his own relations, the family of the *Learned* for inſtance, with many others. His abettors in this nefarious conſpiracy, are *Ignorance* and *Cuſtom*, decided enemies of your Excellency's government: this *Ignorance*, who hath publicly declared, that your Excellency is of no uſe in ſociety, and that it were better your Excellency were depoſed has ſupported the uſurpation of the aforeſaid conſpirator againſt the exiſtence of your Petitioner, hoping that he will ſerve as an inſtrument in his, the ſaid *Ignorance's* deſires upon your Excellency. Another of the friend's of the ſaid *Learn*, leſs bold than *Ignorance*, but more dangerous, is *Cuſtom*; a mere turncoat one who has no opinion of his own but adopts indiſcriminately that of *Ignorance* or of the friends of your Excellency. He is ſo devoid of ſhame, that he would be thruſt out of all good company, were it not for his perſeverance and inſinuation, when employed by *Ignorance*,

He has found means by this method, to ſeduce many friends of your Excellency, from their duty The ſaid *Learn*, ſupported by the abovementioned *Ignorance* and *Cuſtom*, having deprived your Petitioner of his rights, and ſeeking to take away his life, can mean no leſs than the final ſubverſion and overthrow of our glorious conſtitution.

There is ſcarce a domain* belonging to your Excellency, that is not laid under contribution by the friends of the ſaid *Learn*. Nay the palaces of your Excellency are not free from their depradations, and it is not uncommon to hear the laws of your Excellency violated, even where thoſe laws, are appointed to be declared and enforced by the very councellors, whoſe duty it is to explain, and of the judges who ſhould put them in execution. Your Petitioner requeſts juſtice alone, he deſires to be reinſtated in his rights and properties, and wiſhes not that his enemy, the ſaid *Learn* ſhould be deprived of thoſe which are originally and lawfully his; truſting that your Excellency will take this into your Gracious conſideration. your Petitioner will ever pray.

* *We preſume the author alludes to Schools and Teachers.*

THE CRIMINAL.

(Continued from our laſt.)

" THE bell toll'd for evening ſervice as I ſtood in the market place. The people thronged to church. They ſoon recollected me, and every one that ſtumbled on me ſeemed ſhy and retreated. I had always been particularly fond of children, and even now this attachment involuntarily got the better of me, and I offered a little boy that hopped by me a penny, The boy looked at me a few moments with a fixed ſtare, and then threw the money in my face. Had my blood been a little more cool, I ſhould have remembered, that the long beard which I wore, ſince my releaſe from the fortreſs, had disfigured the traits of my face, and had rendered them horrid—but my bad heart had infected my reaſon. Tears, ſuch as I had never ſhed, rolled down my cheeks.

" The boy knows not who I am, nor whence I come, ſaid I, half audibly to myſelf, and yet he avoids me like a bugbear. Am I then marked any where on the forehead, or have I no longer the appearance of a mortal, becauſe I feel that I can no longer love one? The contempt of this boy pained me more ſenſibly than three years labour as a convict, for I had done him good, and could accuſe him of no perſonal hatred.

" I ſeated myſelf in a carpenter's yard, oppoſite the church; for what reaſon I know not; but I well remember that I aroſe irritated to the higheſt pitch, as none of all my acquaintance, who paſſed by, not even one, deigned to take the leaſt notice of me. With reluctance I left my ſtation for an inn; as I was turning the corner of a ſtreet, I ran full againſt my Johanna. " Mine hoſt of the ſun!" exclaimed ſhe, quite aloud, and advanced to embrace me; 'you here again, dear landlord of the ſun! thank God, that you are returned!' Famine and extreme wretchedneſs were viſible in her dreſs, an opprobrious malady in her face, her whole appearance beſpoke the moſt abandoned of creatures to which ſhe was ſunk. I ſoon conceived what muſt have happened. Several dragoons whom I had met, led me to believe that there were ſoldiers quartered in the town. Soldier's trull! cried I, and in a fit of laughter, turned my back upon her. It gave me pleaſure to think, that there was a creature in the ſcale of mankind more deſpicable than myſelf.—I never loved her.

" My mother was dead; my creditors had paid themſelves with my ſmall houſe; I had nobody and nothing more to intereſt me; the whole world fled from me as from a viper: but I had, at laſt, loſt all ſenſe of ſhame. Formerly I had avoided the the eyes of mankind, becauſe I could not brook contempt. At preſent I obtruded myſelf upon them and took delight to ſcare them; I felt myſelf at my eaſe, ſince I had nothing more to loſe, and nothing more to care for; I ſtood in no further need of any good quality, as no one ſuppoſed me capaple of any.

" The wide world lay before me, I might have, perhaps, paſſed for an honeſt man in another province, but I had loſt the courage even to appear as one. Deſpair and ſhame had, at laſt, obliged me to adopt this mode of thinking; it was the laſt ſubterfuge that remained to me, to reconcile myſelf to the want of honor, ſince I could no longer lay claim to any. Had my vanity and pride ſurvived my degredation, I muſt have committed ſuicide.

" What my reſolutions then were, I know not properly myſelf, ſo much I recollected obſcurely—I determined to deſerve my fate; the laws, I thought, were a benefit to the world; I reſolved therefore to infringe them. Formerly, I tranſgreſſed them from neceſſity and levity; at preſent, I did it from free choice, and for pleaſure.

" The firſt thing I did was to continue deer-ſtealing. Hunting in general, grew upon me to a paſſion; and beſides, it was alſo neceſſary for me to ſubſiſt. But this was not the only motive that actuated me; it was highly gratifying for me, to ſet the prince's edict at defiance, and do my ſovereign every poſſible injury. I was no wiſe afraid of being apprehended, for I had a ball ready for him who ſhould detect me; and I knew well that I did not miſs my man. I killed all the game that came in my way; what I converted into money on the frontiers, was but little; the moſt I ſuffered to rot; I led a very miſerable life, in order to defray the expence of powder and ſhot. My devaſtation in the prince's foreſts became the ſubject of common talk; but no longer did ſuſpicion fall upon me. My appearance extinguiſhed it; my name was forgotten.

" This ſort of life I led for ſeveral months. One morning, as uſual I traverſed the wood, to follow the trace of a ſtag. Two hours I had fatigued myſelf to no purpoſe; and I then began to give up my booty as loſt, when I at length diſcovered it within my ſhot. I was on the eve of putting the piece to my ſhoulder, and of firing, when ſuddenly the appearance of a hat, that lay a few paces from me on the ground, affrighted me.

" I caſt my eyes around me on every ſide, and immediately diſcovered the huntſman, Robert, who, from behind the trunk of an aged oak, levelled at the ſame ſtag for which I deſigned my ſhot.

" A deadly damp pervaded all my limbs as I ſaw him. He, of all living, was exactly the mortal whom I moſt abhorred, and he was within the reach of my ball. In this moment it ſeemed to me as if the whole world lay in my ſhot, and the hatred of my whole life concentrated in the ſingle point of the finger with which I was to preſs the murderous trigger. An invincible dreadful hand hovered over me; the regulator of my fate pointed to this minute; my arm trembled as I left my gun the horrid choice; my teeth chattered as if in a feveriſh cold; and the breath, which had confined itſelf to my lungs, almoſt ſuffocated me. For a whole minute the muzzle of my gun remained doubtfully directed between the man and the ſtag—a minute—and ſtill a minute—a third! Revenge and conſcience contended obſtinately and doubtfully, but revenge got the better, and the huntſman lay ſtretched a corpſe on the earth.

" My arm dropt with the ſhot. Murderer! ſtuttered I, ſlowly.—The foreſt was ſtill as a churchyard—I heard diſtinctly that I had ſaid murderer! As I ſlipped nearer, the man died. Long did I ſtand ſpeechleſs before the deceaſed; a loud fit of laughter, at length, gave me reſpiration. Will you now hold your tongue, my friend? ſaid I, and ſtepping boldly up to the body, turned the face upwards. The eyes ſtood wide open; I grew ſerious, and became again quite ſilent—I began to feel ſtrange.

" The judgment of God never once occurred to me; but a judgment, I do not well know which, a confuſed remembrance of the halter and the ſword, and the execution of a woman for child murder, which I had witneſſed when a boy. There was ſomething extremely frightful for me in the idea, that my life, from the preſent moment, was forfeited. The other particulars of what I then felt I cannot now recollect. I wiſhed immediately after the perpetration of the murder, that the huntſman ſtill lived. I did myſelf violence to recall in a lively manner to my remembrance all the evil he had done me during his life, but ſtrange! my memory ſeemed as if it had died within me; I could not retrace a ſingle circumſtance of all that, but a quarter of an hour before, had driven me mad; I could not at all conceive how I could have been guilty of this murder!

" Still did I continue ſtanding before the corpſe—I could hardly tear myſelf from it. The cracking of whips, and the creaking ſound of carriage waggons, as they drove through the woods, brought me to myſelf. For it was ſcarcely a mile from the road, where the crime was committed. I was forced to think of my ſafety.

" Without following any proper courſe, I ſtrayed deeper into the wood. On the way, I recollected that the murdered huntſman uſed to wear a watch. I needed money to regain the frontiers, and yet I had not courage to return to the place where the deceaſed lay. Here the thoughts of the devil, and the omnipreſence of the Almighty, ſtartled me. I muſtered all my courage; reſolved to put all hell at defiance, I returned to the place, found what I expected, and in a green purſe, a little more than a dollar in money. Juſt as I was going to put both

of them up, I ſuddenly ſtopped ſhort and deliberated. It was no fit of ſhame, nor yet of fear, to aggravate my crime by robbery—ſpite it was I believe, that made me throw the watch from me, and retain but half the money. I wiſhed to paſs for a perſonal enemy of him I had ſhot, but not for his robber.

"Now I fled to the interior of the foreſt. I knew that the wood extended ſixteen miles to the northward, and then touched the frontier. I ran quite breathleſs until it was high noon. The precipitation of my flight had diſperſed my remorſe of conſcience, but it returned more dreadfully as my ſtrength became more exhauſted. A thouſand frightful forms paſſed before me, and pierced my breaſt like daggers. Betwixt a life conſtantly diſquieted by the fears of death, and a violent exit from it by my own hands, there was now a dreadful alternative left me, and chooſe I muſt. I had not courage to rid myſelf of the world by ſuicide, and felt ſuch horror at the proſpect of remaining in it. Racked in my choice betwixt the certain torments of this life, and the uncertain terrors of eternity, alike incapable to live or die, I ſpent the ſixth hour of my flight; an hour replete with tortures, of which no mortal, as yet, can form an idea.

"Retired within myſelf and ſlow, having unconſciouſly drawn my hat over my face, as if this could have rendered me undiſtinguiſhable to the eye of inanimate nature, I had followed imperceptibly the track of a ſmall foot path, which led me through the thickeſt receſſes of the wood, when ſuddenly a harſh commanding voice before me called, halt! The voice was quite near me; my diſtraction and the flapped hat had prevented my looking around me. I raiſed my eyes, and beheld a wild man, who bore a great knotty club, advancing towards me. His figure bordered on the gigantic—conſternation, with which I was at firſt ſeized, at leaſt, made me believe ſo; and the colour of his ſkin was of a tawny mulatto-black, which the white of a ſquinting eye rendered truly horrible. He had, inſtead of a belt, a thick rope tied twice round a green woollen coat, in which he wore a large ſlaughtering knife, with a piſtol. He repeated his orders, and a ſturdy arm held me faſt. The voice of a mortal had frightened me, but the appearance of a ruffian gave me courage. In the ſituation in which I was, I had cauſe to tremble for every honeſt man, but none to dread a villain.

(To be continued.)

Natural History.

Additions to the Natural History of certain Animals.

LIONS.

Citizen Felix, in 1797, brought a lion and a lioneſs to the national Menagerie in Paris. About two years after, Felix fell ill, and could not attend the lions, ſo that another perſon was obliged to do the duty for him. The lion, ſad and ſolitary, remained from that moment conſtantly ſeated at the end of his cage, and refuſed to receive any thing from the ſtranger; his preſence was even hateful to him, and he menaced him by roaring. The company of the female alſo ſeemed to diſpleaſe him, he paid no attention to her. The uneaſineſs of the animal made him to be thought really ill, but no perſon dared to approach him. At length Felix got well, and meaning to ſurpriſe the lion, he crept ſoftly to the cage, and ſhowed only his face againſt the bars; the lion directly made a bound againſt the bars, patted him with his paws, licked his hands and face, and trembled with pleaſure. The female ran to him alſo, but the lion drove her back, ſeemed angry, and unwilling ſhe ſhould ſnatch any favours from Felix; a quarrel ſeemed about to take place between them, but Felix entered into the cage to pacify them; he careſſed them by turns. Felix is now frequently ſeen between this formidable couple, whoſe power he has fettered, holding a kind of converſation with them. If he wiſhes them to ſeparate and retire to their cage, they obey his commands, and at the leaſt ſign from him, lie down on their backs to ſhew ſtrangers their paws armed with terrible claws, and open their mouths, full of tremendous teeth; and are rewarded by being permitted to lick his hands. Theſe two animals, of a ſtrong breed, are five years and a half old (1799;) they are both of the ſame mother, and have always lived together.

WOLVES.

In 1799 one of the wolves which was kept in the national Menagerie, in Paris, brought forth ſeveral young ones, of which three were left her to bring up; one of theſe little ones ſometimes got through the bars of the cage in which they were kept, in order to play with the dogs in the yard, and afterwards returned into the cage. The keeper ſaid that the father and dam of the young wolves were diſpleaſed at this frequentation; be this as it may, one morning they fell on the three young ones and devoured them; nothing was left but pieces of the ſkin and a few bones.

It may not be thought incurious to inſert a few particulars about the number of wolves in France, extracted from two French publications on the ſubject. M. de la Bergerie, in his "Reſearches into the principle impediments to the progreſs of Agriculture," ſays, "If the ſtate were to pay a million of livres for the head of the laſt wolf in France, it would in the ſame year gain above twenty millions: on my own lands between the months of March and October, which time does not include the ſeaſon when wolves commit the greateſt ravages, they deſtroyed a bull, a cow, a mare, and a foal." M. de Moncel ſays,—"In my pariſh, in ſix weeks time of the winter 1797, the wolves deſtroyed twenty-three horſes, and in a neighboring pariſh fifty three head of cattle in the ſame year."

This book contains a register, in near 400 pages, of the havoc made by wolves, and mentions that twenty-three perſons were devoured by them in the environs of the Sens. From the emigration of rich and idle people, from the general diſarming, and from the ordinary conſequences of war, wolves have multiplied terribly in France; in 1796 the government proclaimed rewards to whoever killed a wolf big with young, of fifty livres, twenty livres for every young wolf, and a hundred and fifty livres for any wolf who was known to have deſtroyed any man, woman, or child. The reſult of this proclamation was publiſhed in the "Annals of Agriculture," the following year; by which it appears, that notwithſtanding eleven departments had not yet ſent in their ſtatement, there were killed in one year in France,

Mad wolves, or which had attacked men	22
Male wolves, not mad - - - - -	1034
Wolves big with young - - - - -	114
She wolves not with young - - - -	702
Young wolves, the ſize of foxes - -	3479
Total	5351

In this liſt is not reckoned ſuch as were killed by perſons who did not claim any reward.

Theſe ſix thouſand wolves would probaby have produced in two years twelve thouſand more, which, at only ten ſheep each, would have devoured 120,000 ſheep, not to mention horſes and cattle. If the value of theſe animals be calculated it will be found to amount to an enormous ſum, both on account of the preſervation and the reproduction.

Wolves infeſted Ireland many centuries after their extirpation in England; the laſt preſentment for killing wolves being made in the county of Cork about the year 1710.

The breed of theſe animals can hardly ever become extinct in France, becauſe they abound in the immenſe foreſts of Germany which confine on the north eaſt borders of France into which empire thouſands are continually making inroads.

M. de Moncel, among other enemies to agriculture, enumerates ſparrows, which occaſion infinite damage. Their number is calculated to be half that of the population of France, and that each ſparrow eats annually a meaſure of corn weighing twenty pounds. Theſe birds are equally noxious in other countries.

A HE-MERMAID!

The following account of a very curious Fiſh is taken out of Hollingſhead's Chronicle, vol. 2, p. 290.

In the ſixt yeare of king John's reigne, at Oreford in Suffolke, as Fabian ſaith, (Although I think he be deceived in the time) a fiſh was taken by fiſhers in their netts, as they were at ſea, reſembling in ſhape a wild or ſavage man, whom they preſented unto Sir Bartholomew de Glanvile, Knight, that had been the keeping of the Caſtell of Orefolk in Suffolke. He was naked, and in all his limbs and members reſembling the right proportion of a man; albeit the crowne of his

head was bald, and his beard long and ruggid. The knight cauſed him to be kept certain daies and nights from the ſea, meat ſet afore him he gredilie devoured, and eat fiſh both raw and ſod. Thoſe that were raw he preſſed in his hands, till he had thruſt out all the moiſture, and ſo then did eat them. He would or could not, utter any ſpeech, although to trie him they hung him up by the heells, and miſerably tormented him. He would get him to his couch at the ſetting of the ſunne, and riſe againe at the riſing of the ſame.

One day they brought him to the haven, and ſuffered him to go into the ſea, but to be ſure he ſhould not eſcape from them, they ſet three ranks of mightie ſtrong netts before him, ſo to catch him againe at their pleaſure, (as they imagined,) but he ſtreghtwaies diving down to the bottome of the water, got paſt all the netts, and coming up ſhewed himſelf to them againe that ſtood waiting for him, and dowking divers times under water, and coming up againe, he beheld them on the ſhore that ſtood looking at him, who ſeemed as it were to mocke them, for that he deceived them, and got paſt their netts. At length after he had thus ſported himſelf a great while in the water, and that there was no more hope of his returne, he came to them againe of his own accord, ſwimming through the water, and remained with them two moenths after. But, finallie, when he was negligentlie looked to, and now ſeemed not to be regarded, he fled ſecretlie to the ſea, and was never after ſeene nor heard of.

Scientific Lectures.

FAMILAR LETTERS ON PHYSIOGNOMY.

BEFORE I proceed to give you any further inſtructions relative to the meaning of the different features of the human face, I will relate to you what once happened to me during my abode in France. When the whole population of Paris overflowed into the *Champs Elyſées* and the *Bois de Boulogne*, on the road to *Longchamps*, I was carried along by the tide, as well as the wiſh of ſtudying the numberleſs countenances with which I ſhould meet. I took my poſt againſt a tree by the ſide of the way at the entrance of the wood, and glanced over the crowds that rolled before me. I was provided with a pocket-book and pencil, and had already taken a few notes, when I was ſtruck with the phyſiognomy of a man who had ſtopped, like me, to gaze at the paſſengers. I fixed my eyes upon him without perceiving that he alſo obſerved me, and was offended at the marked attention I paid him. But when he ſaw me take out my pocket book, and writing in it, he loſt all patience, and ruſhing towards me, took hold of my arm, and aſked me roughly to follow him. Surpriſed at the vehemence of his action, and awed by the conſciouſneſs of being a foreigner, I could not help obeying him, and was hurried towards the neareſt watch-houſe. The dark and threatning looks which my companion caſt upon me made me think of the bloody times of the revolution, and I wiſhed myſelf in England, far from the graſp of oppreſſion.

I held my pocket-book and pencil in my hand, by the expreſs order of my conductor; who, as ſoon as we reached the watch-houſe, enquired for the commanding officer, and accuſed me of having impudently looked him in the face for nearly half an hour, and after that to have written. At the ſame time he tore my book from me and gave it to the officer; who, not ſufficiently ſkilled in the art of reading, or too proud to condeſcend to examine me himſelf, told the corporal to peruſe aloud its contents. When I ſaw what was the matter my fears vaniſhed away, and I dared to ſmile, which irritated both my accuſer and my judge, and I was forbidden to ſmile. Silence was called for, and the lecture thus began:—"A hanker---a crooked mouth---pleaſures of phyſiognomical obſervations---vanity of the phyſiognomiſt. When I ſhall ſay of this man that he muſt be a great coxcomb, they will tell me it is a calumny, and that I am fond of teaſing; and when I tell them to miſtruſt ſuch a face, they will exclaim that I am the only one whom they ought not to truſt---I muſt make up my mind to this." A pauſe followed this ſentence, to which the hearers ſeemed to affix a deep meaning as they did not underſtand it. "The reader went on.---"This man has been a ſoldier——" 'Oh! this is for me, cried out my accuſer. "I believe he has left the banners of Mars for Vulcan's ſervice." 'He ſays you are a deſerter,' exclaimed the officer. 'That is a lie, begging your pardon, Captain; after fighting for ten years, which is five more than the time preſcribed, I have obtained the permiſſion of quitting the army, and am now an honeſt ſmith in St. Sepulchre's-Street.'

I begged to be allowed to ſpeak, and ſaid, that by the ſame reaſon as the officer's profeſſion ordered him to ſhed his blood for his country, the ſmith's trade to beat red hot iron, my occupation led me to obſerve phyſiognomies. The features of this honeſt man, I added, ſtruck me becauſe they ſtill wear a warlike caſt, heightened by the hale complexion which the heat and vapour of the coals have ſpread over them; and I judged he was a ſmith from the blackneſs of his hands, cauſed by holding iron, the dead colour of his eyes, and the bent of his body, proceeding from the conſtant habit of blowing and beating the red hot metal.

The firm and undaunted voice with which I pronounced this explanation of my conduct anſwered my expectations; I was looked upon as an oracle, and indeed the bench upon which I ſtood, and the ſmoke of tobacco which roſe around me, imitated pretty exactly the Sybil's tripod and the vapours with which ſhe was ſurrounded. Every hand clapped my praiſe, and every one wiſhed to have the meaning of his features explained. At laſt, after having ſatisfied them all, I aſked the officer the permiſſion of returning home; and he politely offered to ſend two ſoldiers with me to ſee me ſafe, which I refuſed. Then bidding him adieu, I glided away among the crowd, but not ſo ſkilfully as to evade the ſearch of the ſmith, who this time ſhook me by the hand heartily, begged my pardon, and left me with this compliment---"You are a famous man!"

If any of your friends ſtill ſay that there is no truth in the ſcience of phyſiognomy, ſhow them the preceding adventure, which really happened to me, and laugh, as I do, at their vain and baſeleſs objections. The next time you hear from me, I will at leaſt gratify your curioſity, and unfold the ſecret value which nature has ſtamped upon every feature, and almoſt every lineament, of that ſublime and low, wiſe and fooliſh, modeſt and conceited being---man.

FRAGMENT.

THE night was dark and cheerleſs, thick clouds hung heavily on the horizon, and the cold piercing wind whiſtled horribly among the naked trees. Fernando preſſed forward to gain the next town ere total darkneſs overſhadowed the earth; but vain were all his efforts—he loſt his path in the almoſt trackleſs foreſt, and wandered for a conſiderable time unconſcious where he went. At length, when almoſt worn out with hunger and fatigue, he eſpied a glimering light at a conſiderable diſtance, and, animated with the hope that his dreary ſearch was now concluded, he ſoon reached the friendly beacon. From the window of a ſmall cottage he found the light proceeded, and for ſome time vainly endeavoured to gain admittance: at laſt a man made his appearance at the window, and haſtily demanded what might be his buſineſs. Fernando told him that he was benighted, and had loſt his road in the intricate windings of this extenſive foreſt—that he wiſhed for ſhelter till the enſuing morn—or, at leaſt be directed to the neareſt town. No ſooner had Fernando explained his cheerleſs ſituation, than the door was immediately opened, and he was conducted, by an elderly man, into a neat and elegant parlour. The furniture was ſimple, but beautiful, and the appearance of the room but little coincided with the meaneſs of the exterior. A choice library of books filled up one ſide of the apartment; implements for drawing were ſcattered in another; and every part of the room indicated the poſſeſſor to be a man of wealth and erudition. Scarcely had Fernando recovered from his firſt ſurpriſe, when his hoſt diſappeared, but ſoon returned with a moſt excellent repaſt, which he placed before our wearied traveller. Fernando ate heartily, and the hoſt looked on with a ſmile of approbation. The midnight hour ſlowly ſounded upon a deep-toned clock, ſoon after Fernando had finiſhed his refreſhment; and, riſing from his ſeat, the owner of the cottage requeſted to conduct him to his apartment. A winding ſtaircaſe led to a neat and comfortable chamber, and wiſhing Fernando a refreſhing ſleep, our hoſt retired. After a few reflections on the odity of the adventure, our benighted traveller fell into a profound ſlumber. Not long, however, did he enjoy his calm and refreſhing repoſe: a noiſe in the room, ſuddenly awoke him, and looking he beheld, by the pale light of the glimmering moon, (which had juſt riſen,) the fierce viſage of a negro with a bloody knife in his hand, bending over the bed. The negro ſlowly retreated, and beckoned

him to follow. Convulsed with fear, Fernando arose, and with trembling steps attended his grim conductor. They pursued their way down several flights of steps, till they arrived at a dark and dismal dungeon. The negro now paused, and suddenly flashing the light of a dark lathorn on the floor, Fernando beheld a sight that chilled his frame with horror. The ground was stained with blood, and several mangled carcases were suspended from the ceiling. The negro gave a grin of exultation, and, with the bloody knife, beckoned Fernando to retire. Almost deprived of life by the scene he had witnessed, Fernando returned to his apartment, and lay for some time debating what steps he should pursue. Morning at length appeared; the host knocked at the door, and with a smiling countenance, requested him to take some refreshment before he left his cottage. A neat and elegant breakfast was placed before him; but who can express the horror of his feelings when the same negro again entered the room, and took his place behind the entertainer's chair! Fernando fortunately had still sufficient resolution not to betray his feelings, and his host suspected not the workings of his mind. His horse at last came to the door; the same negro held his stirrups, Fernando hastily mounted, and spurring forward, soon lost sight of the cottage and its inhabitants.

Arrived at the next town, he informed the chief magistrate of the sight he had witnessed, and officers of justice were immediately dispatched, with Fernando as their conductor, to bring to light this atrocious abode. The alguazils soon reached the lonely cottage, but were in no small degree surprised, when they found they had been conducted to the abode of the worthy but excentric Valasquez, the lord of this extensive forest. Thinking however that an investigation was necessary, they entered the house, and, conducted by Fernando, came not to the dismal and dreary dungeon, but to a well-stocked larder, in which they found, not the murdered bodies of unfortunate travellers, but the inviting haunches of some plump and well fed venison. A laugh now ensued, and upon a farther inquiry, the real state of the case appeared.

It was customary with Velasquez, at this time of the year, to retire from the world, accompanied only by a dumb negro. Venison was his chief food whilst in this solitude, and his negro was the person who procured it.

It happened, that when Fernando arrived, the negro was out on this business, and was consequently ignorant that a stranger was in the house. Velasquez, with a true spirit of benevolence, had given up his own bed to accommodate Fernando, and the negro, on his return home, had entered his master's room with an intention of conducting him to see his uncommon success.

Our readers will easily discover the flights of steps, and dismal dungeons, in poor Fernando's bewildered imagination.

Anecdote of the late Duke of Montague.

The late Duke of Montague, who resided in St. James's Park, frequently observed a middle aged man, in something like a military dress, of which the lace was much tarnished, and the cloth worn threadbare; who always appeared at a certain hour in the mall. His countenance was grave and solemn, and he took no notice of the gay crowd that was passing by him.

The duke singled him out as a fit object for a frolic. He began to exercise his mirth by enquiring into his history; he soon learnt that he was a reduced officer upon half pay; that he had behaved with great bravery in the late war; that he had a wife and several children, whom he was obliged to send into Yorkshire, where they could live cheap; and that he had received a small pittance of his income to keep himself near the metropolis, where alone he could hope to obtain a more advantageous situation.

The Duke took an opportunity, when the captain was sitting alone upon one of the benches, buried in speculation, to send his gentleman to him with compliments, and an invitation to dinner the next day. The Duke placed himself at a convenient distance, saw his messenger approach without being perceived, and begin to speak without being heard; he saw his intended guest start at the message, and question its authenticity. The captain was at length persuaded of its reality, though very much surprised at its singularity. He returned thanks for the honour intended him, and said he would wait upon his Grace at the time appointed.

He came; the Duke received him with great civility, took him aside, and, with an air of secrecy, informed him, that he was induced to give him this invitation at the particular request of a lady, who had a most tender regard for him. The captain was confounded, and seemed as if he did not know whether to receive it as an affront or a compliment. The duke assured him, upon his honour, that he had told him nothing but the strictest truth.

Dinner was announced; the captain entered the room with great curiosity and wonder, which was not diminished, when he saw at the table his own wife and children. The Duke began his frolic by sending for them out of Yorkshire; and as much astonished the poor wife as the husband; and taking care that she should have no opportunity of sending him a letter. This sudden unexpected meeting produced very pleasing effects; it afforded the Duke much satisfaction; but it was with difficulty he got his guests quietly seated at table. Soon after dinner, word was brought that the Duke's Solicitor attended. He was introduced, and pulled out a deed for the Duke to sign. He was desired to read it, and apologized to the company for the interruption. The captain and his wife were still more astonished if possible when they found the writings contained a settlement of 200*£*. per annum upon them and their family. The instrument was executed, and the Duke presented it to the captain, saying, "Sir, I beg your acceptance of this. I assure you it is the last thing I would have done, could I have laid out my money more to my satisfaction."

EXTRAORDINARY DISCOVERY.

From the Traveller, a London paper, of August 29, 1809.

Of the following singular case no doubt can be entertained. It is copied from a Dublin paper, and has been duly authenticated:

"On Thursday last at 7 o'clock in the evening, as a man was passing by the lime-kiln of D. Cosson, near Finglas, he saw, in a hollow below the wall of the kiln, a person in a grey coat, lying on his face, on the ground. At first he supposed him to be asleep, or intoxicated; but after some time, perceiving he did not stir, he was induced to examine him more closely; when he found him apparently dead. On turning him on his back, to ascertain who he might be, a sight the most awful and horrid presented itself to his view. The person was not dead, but on removing his coat, the whole surface of his body seemed a moving mass of worms, his face was much disfigured, apparently from some bruises inflicted either by blows or by a fall; and from every aperture of his head, his eyes, ears, mouth and nose, poured innumerable worms, as if the interior of his scull were entirely filled with them. His eyes were dissolved, and their cavities, as well as those of his ears, mouth, and nose were filled with a white moving mass, more horrid and disgusting, than it is possible for imagination to conceive without occular inspection. After some time the miserable man having recovered sufficient strength to walk, and so far recovered his recollection and voice, that he distinctly answered several questions put to him; he told who he was, where he lived, &c. that he was returning home on a car the evening before, and having drank two much, he fell off, and lay stunned with the fall, till he was discovered. He could not account for the wounds in his head, nor for his being so far off the road; but it is probable he had received the contusions on his face from the fall, or, perhaps, the car had gone over him, and he had insensibly crawled to the place where he lay. The humidity of the air and the heat of the weather had rapidly brought on a solution of the solids in those bruised parts already predisposed to putrescency, and now lying in contact with the moist earth. In these were speedily deposited the eggs of innumerable insects whose generation was as rapid as the predisposing causes were favourable; and thus while the vital powers rallied at the centre, and the blood yet circulating round the heart, preserved the vital principle, the extremities, in which all pulsation had ceased, were dissolving into their primitive elements, and the whole surface of the body exhibited a mass of animated corruption. He was brought into an out-house and laid on some hay; the loathsome objects were removed as far as that could be done; he was washed with spirit and vinegar, had cordials poured down his throat which he swallowed though with some difficulty.—In fact every precaution was taken by the worthy people by whom he was discovered but without effect—the putrescency rapidly increased; in a very short time the spasms in his throat prevented his swallowing; he gradually became insensible, and at 12 o'clock the next day he died, in a state

of total putrid ſolution, having lived in that dreadful ſituation 17 hours, from the time he was firſt diſcovered, and the greater part of that period in full poſſeſſion of his ſenſes—ſo much ſo, that he at ſeveral times enquired eagerly for his pocket, in which he recollected he had put ſome money, and which, to a ſmall amount was found.

That Herod, Sylla, &c. were devoured by worms while yet alive are facts recorded by ancient hiſtorians, and that worms engender in the fleſh and ductæ, &c. is alſo true; but thoſe are not parallel caſes, as they were the effects of morbid pendentes, and ſpecific diſorders. The only caſe in modern times perhaps, of a human being living under ſuch circumſtances is recorded in the romantic adventures of Jacerie Viand; and even here the incident throws a degree of diſcredit, on the authenticity of the work, although it was atteſted by the annexed affidavits of perſons who had ſeen it. Yet in that caſe the worms had only engendered in the lower extremities, while the head and the viscera, neceſſary to animal life, were free. But here the moſt eſſential organ of the animal economy was diſſolved, while yet the living Being walked and talked.

"*The worms they crept in, and the worms they crept out,*
And ſported his eyes and his temples about."

exhibiting an appearance even more awful than the ghaſtly ſpectre of poetic imagination."

Humorous.

A COLLEGIATE EXAMINATION.

The following "ſpecimen of a collegiate examination" is from the pen of Francis Hopkinſon Eſq. To thoſe who have never ſeen it, the peruſal will afford much amuſement, while in the ſtudent it may perhaps "renew the ſad remembrance" of metaphyſical perplexities. The examination is made by the profeſſor, in preſence of the governor of the college. *Caſket.*

Profeſſor. What is a SALT-BOX?

Student. It is a box made to contain ſalt.

Prof. How is it divided?

Stu. Into a ſalt-box, and a box of ſalt.

Prof. Very well!—ſhew the diſtinction.

Stu. A ſalt box may be where there is no ſalt: but ſalt is abſolutely neceſſary to the exiſtence of a box of ſalt.

Prof. Are not ſalt-boxes otherwiſe divided?

Stu. Yes: by a partition.

Prof. What is the uſe of this partition?

Stu. To ſeperate the courſe ſalt from the fine.

Prof. How?—Think a little.

Stu. To ſeperate the fine ſalt from the coarſe.

Prof. To be ſure:—it is to ſeparate the fine from the coarſe: but are not all ſalt-boxes yet otherwiſe diſtinguiſhed?

Stu. Yes: into *poſſible*, *probable*, and *poſitive*.

Prof. Define the ſeveral kinds of Salt-boxes.

Stu. A *poſſible* ſalt-box is a ſalt-box yet unſold in the hand of the joiner.

Prof. Why ſo?

Stu. Becauſe it has never yet become a ſalt-box *in fact*, having never had any ſalt in it; and it may poſſibly be applied to ſome other uſe.

Prof. Very true:—for a ſalt box which never had, hath not now, and perhaps never may have any ſalt in it, can only be termed a *poſſible* ſalt box? What is a *probable* ſalt-box?

Stu. It is a ſalt box in the hand of one going to a ſhop to buy ſalt and who hath ſixpence in his pocket to pay the grocer: and a *poſitive* ſalt-box is one which hath actually and *bona fide* got ſalt in it.

Prof. Very good:—but is there no inſtance of a *poſitive* ſalt-box which hath no ſalt in it?

Stu. I know of none.

Prof. Yes: there is one mentioned by ſome authors: it is where a box hath by long uſe been ſo impregnated with ſalt, that although all the ſalt hath been long ſince emptied out, it may yet be called a ſalt box, with the ſame propriety that we ſay a ſalt herring, ſalt beef, &c. And in this ſenſe, any box that may have accidentally or otherwiſe, been long ſteeped in brine, may be termed *poſitively* a ſalt-box, although never deſigned for the purpoſe of keeping ſalt. But tell me, what other diviſions of ſalt boxes do you recollect?

Stu. They are further divided into *ſubſtantive* and *pendant*: a *ſubſtantive* ſalt-box is that which ſtands by itſelf on the table or dreſſer; and a *pendant* is that which hangs upon a nail againſt the wall.

Prof. What is the idea of a ſalt box?

Stu. It is that image which the mind conceives of a ſalt box, when no ſalt box is preſent.

Prof. What is the abſtract idea of a ſalt-box?

Stu. It is the idea of a ſalt box, abſtracted from the idea of a box, or of ſalt, or of a ſalt box, or of a box of ſalt.

Prof. Very right:—and by theſe means you acquire a moſt perfect knowledge of a ſalt box: but tell me, is the idea of a ſalt box a ſalt idea?

Stu. Not unleſs the ideal box hath ideal ſalt in it.

Prof. True:—and therefore an abſtract idea cannot be either ſalt or freſh: round or ſquare; long or ſhort; for a true abſtract idea muſt be entirely free of all adjuncts. And this ſhews the difference between a box idea and an idea of ſalt.—Is an aptitude to hold ſalt an *eſſential* or an *accidental* property of a ſalt box?

Stu. It is *eſſential*; but if there ſhould be a crack in the bottom of the box, the aptitude to hold ſalt would be termed an *accidental* property of that ſalt box.

Prof. Very well! very well indeed!—What is the ſalt called with reſpect to the box?

Stu. It is called its contents.

Prof. And why ſo?

Stu. Becauſe the cook is content *quoad hoc* to find plenty of ſalt in the box.

Prof. You are very right—I ſee you have not miſpent your time.

MARRIAGES.

MARRIED—, On Saturday, the 28th inſt. by the Rev'd John D. Blair, Mr. John Gunn, to the amiable and accompliſhed Miſs Ann Eliza M'Craw, eldeſt daughter of Samuel M'Craw Eſq. all of this city.

———, On Thurſday evening the 23d inſt. Mr. John Kennedy of this City, to Miſs Maria Ann Richardſon of James City county.

———In Woodſtock, (Con.) Dr. John E. Eaton of Brookfield (Maſs.) to Miſs Urſum Paine.

Dire fate to give a *lady* PAINE,
Thus to be EATON ere ſhe's *ſlain.*

———, In Newark, (N. J.) Mr William Rufus Gray, merchant of Boſton, to Miſs Mary Clay, of that City.

———, On the 31 ult. in Camden county, (N. C.) Jethro D. Goodman, Eſq. Attorney at law, of Paſquotank to Miſs Elizabeth Burges,

———, And on the ſame evening in Currituck, Mr. C. Etherbridge, to Miſs Hulda Ferebee,

DEATHS.

DIED—, At his ſeat in Powhatan county on the 11th inſt. John Swan, ſen. at an advanced age.

———, At Wincheſter on the 15 inſt, Capt. John Brady, for many years a reſpectable inhabitant of that place.

———, On Thurſday morning laſt, at 4 o'clock, at his ſeat on James-river, Mr Collier Harriſon, of Charles-City county.

———, At his ſeat in this county, near the falls of Neuſe, on the 7th inſt, Dr. Cargill Maſſenburg, a gentleman of great worth.

———, At Wilmington (N. C.) on the 9th inſt. Mr. Alexander Patton, Merchant.

———, At Wilmington, (Delaware,) on the fourth inſt, Samuel White, Eſq. Senator of the United States.

Original Poetry.

FOR THE VISITOR.

TO MISS B*****. *On her visit to Richmond.*

Napoleon may boast of his conquests and fame
Of the laurels that bud on his brow,
Of the terror and dread that attend on his name,
And the millions who tremblingly bow.

He may vaunt that the green-fields of Europe are dy'd,
With the gore of the heroes he's slain;
He may boast of the Kingdoms—ambition and Pride
Have annex'd to his boundless domain.

He may tell of the battles his valor has gain'd;
Of the Glory and fame of his arms,
But their lustre is dim to the splendour obtain'd,
In the conquests atchiev'd by your charms.

The lightnings that burst from the cannon's dark womb,
Inspire pale dread as they fly,
But despair is the fate of the victim you doom;
By an unfeeling glance from your eye.

The despot may govern with absolute sway,
The Minions who crowd round his throne;
With his dark featur'd crest he may kindle dismay,
But 'tis death from thy coldness alone.

And ah! like Napoleon with vict'ry inspir'd,
Abroad for new conquests you roma,
When all, you posses'd—that contentment desir'd,
And gay were the scenes of your home.

But alas! you have snatch'd up the sceptre of Love,
And your Captives repine at your feet,
They silent, despair your compassion to move
And their destinies tremblingly meet,

PERCIVAL.

SONG.

You say you love! repeat again,
Th' amazing sound;
Repeat the cate of all my pain,
The cure of every wound.

What you to thousands have deny'd,
To me you freely give,
While I in humble silence dy'd
Your mercy bade me live.

So on cold Latmos' top all night,
Endymion sighing lay;
Gaz'd on the moon's sweet placid light
Despair'd, and durst not pray.

But melting Cynthia saw his grief,
Th' effect of conq'ring charms;
Unask'd the Goddess brings relief,
And falls into his arms.

B. C.

Lines by a lady to her husband who was going to burn a letter he had written her.

Ah stop thy hand nor let th' unpitying flame,
Consume the page that bears thy much lov'd name;
That page, where every line so sweetly proves,
How dear is Emma to the man she loves:
Where I can trace when fortune bids us part,
Each fond emotion of my Edward's heart:
With pleasure see thy style is still the same,
As when my husband bore the lover's name;
Spare then the page, endued with sovereign power,
To sooth when thou art gone, the pensive hour:
Which when revolving years have wing'd their flight
And love shall sink in friendship's calm delight;
When ev'ry transient charm this face can boast,
By stealing age irrevocably lost:
Shall still recall the pleasing morn of youth,
A sweet memorial of thy love and truth.

M. M.

On giving a violet to Miss ——— in November.

From the keen blast, that sweeps along the plain,
And marks approaching winters rigid reign;
Let me sweet flower, thy fragile form convey,
And snatch thy beauties from its chilling sway;
Go beauteous flower, in Julia's bosom find,
A pleasing shelter from the piercing wind;
Thy form perhaps, once animated mov'd,
And all our various feelings may have prov'd,
And as the poets fancifully feign,
Thy feeling, passions in each change retain.
If such thy power, how pleas'd wilt thou repose,
Plac'd near that heart where ev'ry virtue glows:
Where filial love its brightest charm displays,
And soothes the evening of a parent's days;
Whose upright mind from earliest youth has shone,
She practis'd virtue for its sake alone.
Sincere, indulgent, liberal and humane,
To her has poverty ne'er plead its woes in vain:
Yet as the gales that waft thy odours tell,
Where lowly hid thy opening beauties dwell;
Emblem of thee 'tis chance alone reveals,
Those gen'rous acts her diffidence conceals.

M. M.

EPIGRAMS.

From the Port-Folio.

A stingy fellow, 'tis no matter who,
Had, "once upon a time," some work to do;
He told a man, they call'd him Sam, I think,
That if he'd do this job, he'd give him some drink,
Such as could not in any place be sold,
For it was then exactly *ten years old.*
The work is done, the miser gives the dram,
"How old do you call dis Massa," says poor Sam,
"Ten years exactly,"—"Ten years!" in a rage,
Say's Sam, "He be damn little of his age."

IRISHISM.

"Who lives here, honest friend?" said a travelling stranger
As on through the county of Antrim he sped;
And who fancied that houses *shut up* implied danger;
"*Lives* there? answered Tague—"why a man that is *dead!*"
"When did he die?" quoth the stranger more gaily;
Tague paused—scratch'd his caxon, so straight and so sleek,—
Then replied "by my conscience! my jewel, why really;
"*If he'd liv'd till to day he'd been dead a whole week.*"

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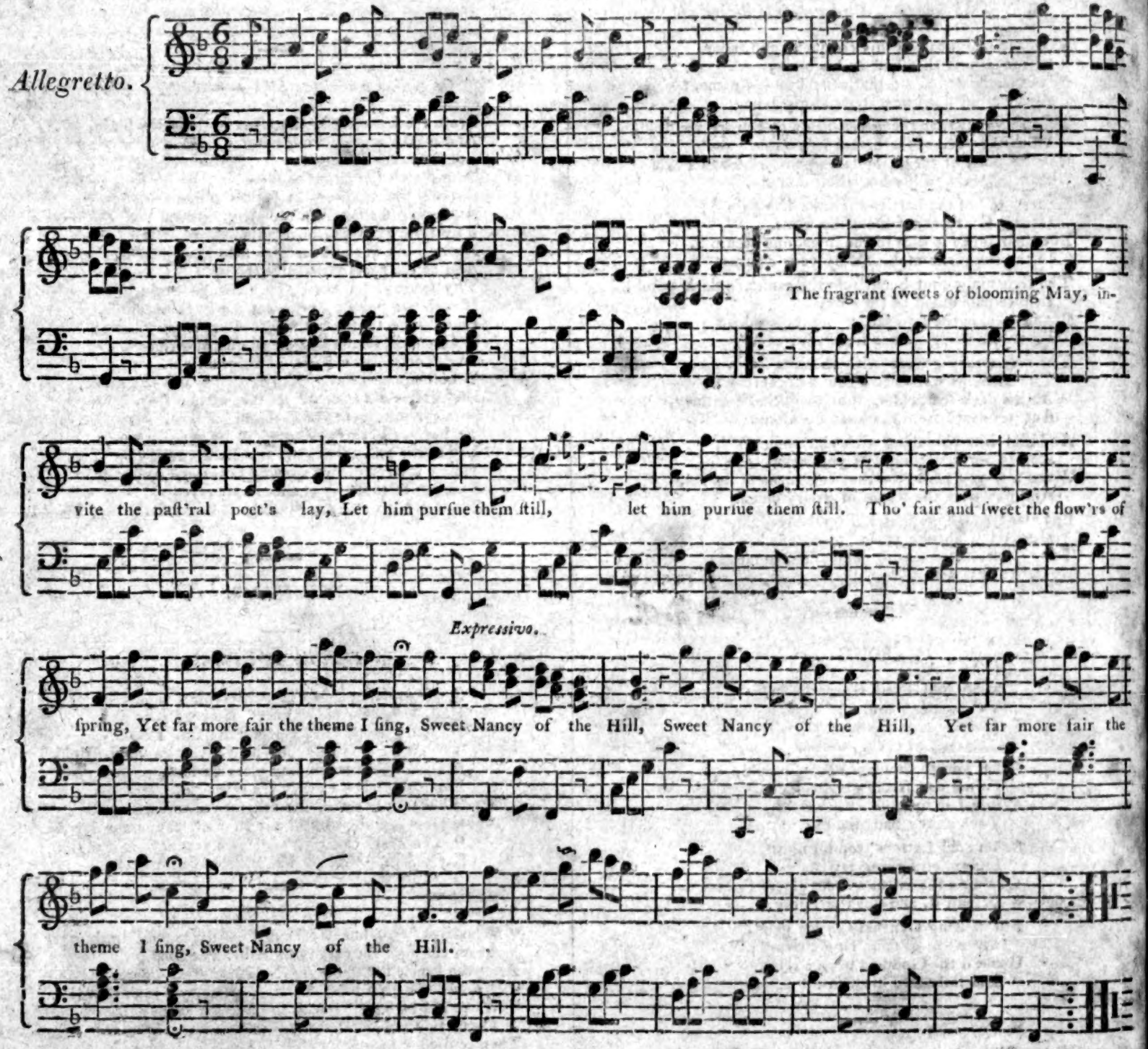
FOR THE VISITOR.

NANCY OF THE HILL.

A New Song, never before published, writtten and composed by JOHN BRAY.



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Her cheeks outvie the op'ning roſe,
Her eyes Sol's brighteſt rays diſcloſe,
And make each boſom thrill;
Thrice happy he ordain'd to ſip
The nectar from the balmy lip
Of Nancy of the Hill.